

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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MY PRIVATE OPINIONS.

BY ROUGH AND READY.

Mankind are no better than robbers, And Charity proves but a lie; Salvation is doled out by jobbers; Benevolence's all in your eye.

Friendship—a thing of convenience; Happiness does not exist; Hope—something far in the distance; Honor—a prize fighter's fist.

Contentment is found in the gutter, And wealth comes of robbing the poor; Trust steals the bread and the butter From every grocery store.

True greatness is being successful, No matter how wrong or how right; True love, while it lasts, is quite blissful, But it seldom remains over night.

Slander is something quite common; Where it touches it raises a blister; It's much used by every true woman Who is anxious to hold a "frail sister."

True Virtue a sorry old maid is, Whose locks keep temptations away, While fashion makes all our fine ladies Who live only to make a display.

Poverty is the worst of all evils; 'Twill keep you in bondage for life, Change all your relations to devils, And make a poor slave of your wife.

Your children are objects of pity; Aristocracy christians the "brats;" They are kicked about over our city Like so many troublesome rats.

Christianity dwells where the people Lifts up its tail form towards heaven, And belongs to a privileged people Who are christians just one day in seven.

Religion is something too holy For common mankind to possess; It is with the meek and the lowly Who do something more than "profess."

Deception is found in all places; 'Tis confined to no section or class; We all have its mark on our faces; To prove it—just look in the glass!

THE UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

A cold winter's night found a stage load of us gathered about the warm fire of a tavern bar room in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a peddler drove up and ordered that his horse should be stable for the night. After we had eaten supper we repaired to the bar room, and soon as the ice was broken the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the peddler was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventures and anecdotes. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere about forty years of age, and gave evidence of physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced knocking the ashes from his pipe, and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you of about the last thing that happened to me? You see I am now right from the far west, and on my way home for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small village tavern in Hancock county, In I said it was pleasant—I meant, it was warm, but it was cloudy and likely to be very dark. I went in and called for supper, and had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and for awhile it poured down good, and it was awful dark out of doors.

"Now, I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me which I intended to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew, if it did not rain, I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he could not see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off before two. He expressed some surprise at this, and asked me why I didn't stop for breakfast. I told him I had sold my last load about all out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there before the express train left in the morning. There was a number of people sitting round while I told this, but I took little notice of them; one only arrested my attention. I had in my possession a small package of play-cards, which I was to deliver to the Sheriff at Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber, named Dick Hardhead. The bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact, it was perfect. He was a tall, well-formed man rather slight of frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index to a villainous disposition.

"When I went to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon, and intended to leave the next day.

The host asked why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if ever I was acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson, and there give information to the Sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left, for I had no doubts with regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard, I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. The ostler was easily aroused, and by two o'clock I was on my road. The mud was deep, and my horse could not travel fast—yet it struck me that the beast made more work than there was any need of, for the cart was nearly empty.

"However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead, lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great pines. The road led directly through this wood, and as near as I could remember, the distance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the east, and as the road ran nearly west, I should have light enough. I had entered the woods, and had gone about half a mile, when my wagon wheels settled, with a bump, and a jerk, into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from another source!

"What could it be? I looked quickly around, but could see nothing. Yet I knew that the sound I heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up I felt something besides the jerk of the hole. I heard something tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant. Of course I felt puzzled. At first I imagined some poor fellow had taken this method to obtain a ride; but I soon gave this up, for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride. My next idea was somebody had gone to sleep; but they passed away as quickly as it came for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was there had broken in.

"My next thoughts were of Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was sold out, and of course he supposed I had some money with me. In this he was right, for I had over two thousand dollars. I also thought he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached some quiet place, and then either creep over and shoot me, or knock me down. All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"Now, I never make it a point to brag myself, but I have seen some of the world, and I am pretty cool and clear headed under a difficulty. In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was now knee deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I drew my revolver—I never travel in that country without one—I drew this, and having carefully reined about the whip stock, I carefully slipped down in the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind it and examined the trap.

"The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hasp, which slips over a staple and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hasp was secured in its place by a bit of pine—so that a slight force within would break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quietly took it out and slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, made in a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage. I did not believe any ordinary man could break out. I got on my cart as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew that the distance of half a mile further I should come to a good hard road, and allowed my horse to pick his own way thro' the mud. About ten minutes after this I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force were being applied to the door. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might judge where I sat and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down upon the foot-board.

"Of course I knew that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

"Let me out of this!" he cried, and he yelled pretty loud.

"I lifted up my head so as to make him think I was sitting in the usual place, and then asked him what he was doing there."

"Tell me what you are in there for," said I.

"I got in here to sleep on your rags," he answered.

"How did you get in?"

"Let me out, or I'll shoot you through the head!" he yelled.

"Just at that moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped back on the foot board and took the

whip. I had the same then I've got now—a tall, stout, powerful bay mare—and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate, she struck a gait that even astonished me. She had received a good mess of oats, the air was cool, and she felt like going. In fifteen minutes we cleared the woods, and away we went at a keen jump. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out.

"Finally he stopped, and in a few minutes there came the report of a pistol—one—two—three—four—one right after the other, and I heard the balls over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of those balls, if not two of them, would have gone thro' me. I popped up my head again and gave a yell, and then a deep groan, and then I said, 'O, God save me, I'm a dead man!' Then I made a shuffling noise as though I were falling off, and finally settled down on the foot-board again. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with the butt of my whip stock, and she peeled it faster than ever.

"The man called out to me twice more pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply he made some tremendous endeavors to break the door open, and as this failed him, he made several attempts on the top. But I had no fear of his doing anything there, for the top of the cart is framed with dovetails, and each dovetail bolted to the posts with iron bolts. I had it made so I could carry heavy loads there. By and by, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler whoa to the horse, and kept it up until he became hoarse. All this time I had kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly, and kept poking the beast with the stock.

"We were not an hour in going that dozen miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear; perhaps I might tell the truth and say that I had none, for I had a good pistol, and with that, my passenger was safe yet I was glad when I came to the old barrel factory that stood at the edge of Jackson village, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern, and found a couple of men in the barn cleaning down some stage horses.

"Well, old fellow," says I, as I got down and went round to the back of the wagon, 'you have had a good ride haven't ye?'

"Who are you?" he cried, and he kind of swore a little, too, as he asked the question.

"I'm the man you tried to shoot," was my reply.

"Where am I? Let me out!" he yelled.

"Look here, we've come to a safe stopping place, and mind ye, my revolver is ready for ye the moment you show yourself. Now lay quiet."

"By this time two ostlers had come up to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them. After this I got one of them to run and rout out the Sheriff, and tell what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight were just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the Sheriff came, and two men with him. I told him the whole in a few words—exhibited the handbills I had for him, and then he made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. Then I slipped the iron wrench out, and as I let the door down the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle and he came down on his face, and in a moment more the officers had him. It was now daylight, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the Sheriff I should remain in town all day.

"After breakfast the Sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of two hundred dollars which had been offered.

"I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow them away in my cart. The bullet holes were found in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line about five inches apart, and had I been where I usually sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere about the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistol was a very heavy one.

"On the next morning the Sheriff called upon me and paid me two hundred dollars in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the villain. I afterwards found a letter in the post office at Portsmouth for me, from the Sheriff of Hancock county, and he informed me that Mr. Dick Hardhead is in prison for life."

So ended the peddler's story. In the morning I had the curiosity to look at his cart, and I found the four bullet-holes just as he had told us, though they were now plugged up with vial corks.

"UNCLE," said a young man, who thought that his guardian supplied him rather seldom with pocket money, yet for a little hesitation in beginning an assault on his relative's generosity.

"Is the Queen's head still on the shilling-piece?"

"Of course it is, you stupid lad. Why do you ask that?"

"Because it is now such a length of time since I saw one."

LAWYERS, according to Martial, are men who breathe out their word and anger. Jarries, like guns, are often "charged," and sometimes with very poor ammunition.

Work and Recreation.

The Americans are a hard working people. There is no nation on the globe which allows itself so few holidays and recreations as we do. Our English progenitors are not thought to be very far advanced in what the French call the *savoir vivre*, or the art of living happily; but even the English, hard as they are known to work, allow themselves more play than we do, they acquire and keep a bluff, hearty physique, by much open air exercise, to which we, as a nation, are strangers. Our national habit is spare and lank; our faces are sallow, or pale; our chests are too narrow, and our stomachs are too prone to dyspepsia.

Habit imprints themselves upon the nature of men after a few generations almost ineffaceably. Modes of life are sure to affect the constitution of the liver. Too much monotony in occupation repeats itself in the character, and too constant labor extracts the spring and elastic energy which make labor most effective. The man who plays a little now and then, works a great deal better for it afterwards.

Work is noble and elevating, and all idleness is detestable. But recreation is not idleness; it is rather a higher kind of work. It is exhilarating to the spirits, and serves as oil to the machinery, making everything move more smoothly and swiftly diminishing friction, and lessening the wear and tear of the vital powers.

The best recreations are doubtless the social ones. It is a fault, both in English and American life, that there is so little geniality and spontaneous off-hand social intercourse. We learned from our progenitors to be stiff and unbending; rarely to speak, unless spoken to, and to consider too much familiarity on the part of any body an unpardonable sin. Some writer has whimsically declared that if an Englishman were to see a man's house on fire, he would not venture to tell him of it, unless he had previously been introduced. This criticism indicates a fact, though it overstates it. See how much pleasanter is the French *bonhomie* and the German heartiness and simplicity! The chief end of life with those nations, is to make life cheerful and happy. Many of the Anglo-Saxon race seem to live as if the chief end were to make things as gloomy and uncomfortable as possible.

In a crowd of Germans or French, exclusiveness is laid aside, and good manners consist, not in the preservation of punctilio, but in the natural play of feelings. Politeness is not a system of rules, but the free acting-out of generous impulses. Among cultivated people, reins and padlocks are not necessary. They can be trusted, who live from a law of their own nature, and conventionalities are chiefly of use to school the boorish and savage, so as to make them presentable.

The worst thing fashion does for us, is to keep us apart. If we could come together, we could not fail to learn more good manners than we get out of all this exclusiveness.

Social pleasures are not necessarily expensive ones. Hospitality need cost no more than we make it. A little pleasure, when shared, goes a great way. If we come together to enjoy ourselves and each other, and not the eating and drinking, we shall speedily find that hilarity does not demand a long purse. No people enjoy social pleasures more than the Germans—yet none spend so little upon them. If our hearts are well provided, we need not busy ourselves to pamper our bodies, and if our minds are well furnished, we shall not need to astonish our neighbors with the gold and mahogany of our parlors.

Recreation is an art to be cultivated, with most of us. It comes naturally to some races. Our American absorption in business, and all-devouring pursuit of the main chance, keeps us in great, strangers to its value. If we would set ourselves to learning how, we should soon find that recreation takes less time and less money, than we had imagined.

A French traveler has remarked, that in the United States, there is less misery, and less happiness, than in any other part of the world. We suspect there is some truth in the paradox. Brother Jonathan thinks it a very serious thing to be merry. To be always grinding in his ideal of practical life, though he does not permit himself to entertain visions of a good time coming, when he shall recreate and rest. But as this good time is postponed to the further side of what is called "a fortune," it commonly recedes before him as he advances in his career, like a mirage in the desert— tantalizing, but unattained. It is not possible that it would be wiser to take his comfort as he goes along, lest he should somehow fail to get it at the end of the journey!

LARGE MOSQUITOES.—In speaking of mosquitoes of a large size, seen by one of the party in a Southern lake, Lemon, (who was a sea faring man many years,) remarked:

"Well, there, Surinam is the darndest place for mosquitoes I ever seed. Last time I went for a load of melasses, my cousin driv me about to a plantation, and 'mong other things on a farm I seed one of the prettiest yoke of cattle I ever laid my eyes on. Neow, (I'm tellin' the truth—you needn't laugh,) when I came back where them cattle was fust, one ox was missin', or there was nothin' of him left but skin and bone, any way; and, if you believe me, I squinted up a tree, and there was the cusseddest big musketer I ever seed, a pickin' his teeth with one of the horns."

THE FATHERLESS.

Speak softly to the fatherless!
And check the harsh reply
That sends the crimson to the cheek,
The tear-drop to the eye;
They have the weight of loneliness,
In this wide world to bear;
Then gently raise the fallen bud,
The drooping floweret spare.

Speak kindly to the fatherless!
The lowliest of their band
God keepeth, as the waters,
In the hollow of his hand.
'Tis sad to see life's evening sun
Go down in sorrow's shroud;
But sadder still when the morning dawn
Is darkened by the cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless!
Ye may have power to wile
Their hearts from saddened memory,
By the magic of a smile.
Deal gently with these little ones;
Be pitiful, and He,
The friend and father of us all,
Shall gently deal with these.

Stealing Water Melons.

A man in a country town took great pleasure in having a neat garden. He had all kinds of vegetables and fruits earlier than his neighbors. But thieving boys in the neighborhood annoyed him; damaged his trees, trampled down his flowers, and "hooked" his choicest fruits. He tried various ways to protect his grounds; but his watch-dogs were poisoned, and his set traps caught nothing but his fattest fowls and favorite cat.

One afternoon, however, just at nightfall, he overheard a couple of mischievous boys talking together, when one of them says:

"What do you say, Joe? Shall we come the grab over them melons to-night. Old Swipes will be snoring like ten men before twelve o'clock."

The other objected, as there was a high wall to get over.

"Oh, pslaw! was the reply; 'I know a place where you can get over just as easy—know it like a book. Come, Joe, let's go!'

The owner of the melon-patch didn't like the idea of being an eaves-dropper; but the conversation so intimately concerned his melons, which he had taken so much pains to raise, that he kept quiet, and listened to the plans of the scapgraces, so that he might make it somewhat bothersome for them. Ned proposed to get over the wall on the south side, by the great pear tree, and cut directly across to the summer-house, just north of which were the melons.

Joe was a clever fellow, who loved good fruit exceedingly, and was as obstinate as an ass. Get him once started to do a thing and he would stick to it, like a mud-turtle to a negro's toe. The other didn't care so much for the melons as for the fun of getting them.

Now hear the owner's story.

"I made all needful preparations for the visit; put in brads pretty thick in the scantling along the wall where they intended to get over; uncovered a large water vat that had been filled for some time, which, in dry weather, I was accustomed to water my garden; dug a trench a foot or so deep, and placed slender beards over it which were slightly covered with dirt, and just beyond them some little cords, fastened tightly, some eight inches above the ground. I picked all the melons I cared to preserve, leaving pumpkins and squashes, about the size and shape of melons, in their places."

The boys were quite right in supposing it would be dark; but they missed it a little in inferring that "old Swipes" as they call him, would be in bed. The old man liked a little fun as well as they, and when the time came, from his hiding place he listened:

"Whist, Joe! don't you hear something?"

I think that it was very probable they did, for hardly were the words uttered, than there came a sound of forcibly tearing rustian.

"Get off my coat till!" whispered one.

"There goes one flap as sure as a gun!—Why get off, Ned?"

And Ned was off, and one leg off his breeches besides; and then he was "oh," ing, and telling Joe that he "believed there was nails in the side of the wall, for something had scratched him most tremendously and had torn his breeches all to pieces."

Joe sympathized with him, for he said half his coat was hanging up there somewhere.

They now started hand in hand, for Ned believed "he knew the way." They had arrived a little beyond the trees when something went swash! swash! into the water-vat.

A sneeze ensues, and then exclamation:

"Thunder! that water smells rather odd!"

Ned wanted to go home at once, but Joe was too much excited to listen for a moment to such a proposition.

"Never heard anything about that cistern before; the old fellow must have fixed it on purpose to drown people in. Curious, though, that we should both fall in it."

They pushed on for the melons. Presently they were caught by the cords, and headlong they went into a heap of briars and thistles, and the like, which had been placed there for their express accommodation.

"Such a gettin up stairs!" muttered one.

"Nettles and thistles, how they prick!" exclaimed the other.

They now determined to go on more cautiously. At length they arrived at the patch.

There's more than a dozen fat ones right here!"

And down they sat in the midst of them and seemed to think that they were amply rewarded for all their mishaps.

"Here, take this melon, isn't it a rouser? Slash into it."

"It cuts tremendous hard. Ned it's a squash!"

"No it isn't I tell you; it's a new kind. Old Swipes sent to Rhode Island for the seed last spring."

"Well then, all I've got to say is that the old fellow got sucket in—that's all."

"I'm going to gouge into this water-melon; halloo! there goes a half dollar; I've broke my knife. If I didn't know that was a water-melon, I should call it a pumpkin."

What the boys did besides, while the owner went to the stable and unmuzzled the dog, and led him to the garden, he couldn't say; that they took long steps the onion and the flower beds revealed the next morning.

They had paid pretty dearly for the whistle. They had not tasted a single melon; they had got scratched, had torn their clothes, were as wet as drowned rats, and half scared out of their wits at the ravenous dog and the apprehension of being discovered.

The next greatest the owner of the melon patch invited all the boys of the village, including Ned and Joe, to a feast of melons, on the principle of returning good for evil.

This circumstance changed the boy's opinion of "old Swipes," and his melons were never again disturbed.—Harper's Magazine.

Stimulants.

The Louisville Journal beautifully says:

"There are times when the pulse 'lies low' in the bosom, and beats slow in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep, apparently, that knows no waking, in its house of clay, and the window shutters are closed, and the door is hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine, pitchy blackness, and ever willing to 'fancy clouds where no clouds be.' This is a state of sickness when physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we will have none of it. What shall raise the sleeping Lazarus? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses dance to it through all the myriad thronged halls in our house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the Eastern hills again for us with all his old awakening gladness, and the night overflow with moonlight, music, love and flowers? Love itself is the great stimulant—the most intoxicating of all—and performs all these miracles; but it is a miracle itself, and is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you.

"Men have tried many things—but still they ask for stimulants. The stimulants we use, but require the use of more. Men try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpses will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles.—The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses playing wild music, and the thoughts galloping—but the fast clock runs down sooner, and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with wildest revelry, more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart may be—into which the skylark Happiness always goes, singing?"

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A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—Away among the Alleghanies, there is a spring so small that a single ox, in a summer's day could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio.

Thence it stretches out a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many a cultivated farm, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and falls some twelve hundred miles more till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angel with one foot on sea, and the other on the land, shall lift up his hands to heaven, and swear that time shall not be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—an ocean, boundless and faithfulness as eternity.

"MOTHER"—O, word of undying beauty! Thine echoes sound along the walls of time until the crumble at the breath of the Eternal. In all the world there's not a habitable spot where the music of that word is not sounded. Ay, by the golden flower of the river, by the crystal margin of the rock, under the leafy shade of the forest tree, in the hut built of bamboo cane, in the mud and thatched cottage, by the peaks of the kissing mountains, in the wide spread valley, or the blue ocean, in the changeless desert, where the angel came down to give the parched lips the sweet waters of the wilderness; under the white tent of the Arab, and in the dark covered wigwam of Indian hunter; wherever the pulses of the human heart beat quick and warm, or float feebly along the current of falling life, there is that sweet word spoken, like a universal prayer—"mother."

"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can't you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?"

"Why, my dear Julia, I can't. He's a perfect nuisance."

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Summer in the Country.

The bright skies, green trees, ripening corn, broad meadows, orchards and gardens, streams and rivers, the ever-varying and ever-beautiful aspects of the country wear their most inviting garb at this season of the year; and those of us who are compelled to dwell in the labyrinths of brickwork, called towns and cities, sigh for the healthy breeze and bright face of Nature. Who amongst us—at this time of the year, at all events—would not willingly exchange all the pleasures of town for a quiet home in the country?

We want wholesome air. Air, says old Fuller, is a dish one feeds on every minute, and therefore it must needs be good. We want light, God's eldest daughter; such a fair, bright light as never shines in town.—We want a pleasant prospect, a medley of land and water; something that shall refresh us with its beauty and tranquility. We want a garden where we may rusticate, and sit beneath the shadow of old trees; a garden that shall yield us flowers and fruits.—We want a home to live in, fit for the summer weather, that shall look pleasant, and like a cheerful friend, seem to welcome us when we come home, and that shall be thoroughly comfortable in all its arrangements.

How we long for the pleasant walk in the shady lane—for the ramble in the wood, where of old we gathered nuts and blackberries! for the velvety meadow, where the lounging kine are blinking in the sunshine! for the path through the cornfields, on the yellow upland! for the wide prospect from the hill that stretches away to sea.

Lord Bacon tells us Lucullus answered Pompey well, who, when he saw his stately galleries and rooms so large and well-lighted in one of his houses, said, "Surely, an excellent place for summer, but how do you do in winter?"

The migration of the swallows has engaged the attention of every observant man, and is one of the many remarkable illustrations of the animal instinct. Winter is unknown to the swallows for they leave the green meadows before it arrives, and live a life of enjoyment among the myrtle and orange groves of Italy and the palms of Africa. In this respect we cannot copy their example, and indeed it would be tedious work; and but comparatively few of us can adopt the plan of Lucullus, possess ourselves of separate mansions, especially suitable for summer or winter; but, thanks to steamboats and railways, we can enjoy the fresh air and green fields for a trifle, coming back to their homes, wherever they may be, all the better and brighter for our trip—our frames invigorated by the change of air and mode of life, and our minds stored with new ideas.

The following correspondence is said to have taken place between a New Haven merchant and one of his customers:

"Sir—Your account has been standing for two years, and I must have it settled immediately."

To which the customer replied:

"Sir—Things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long suppose you let it run a little while."

"There is no peace on this side of the grave," said a distinguished clergyman, when preaching at the grave of a friend.

"Well, old chap," said a jolly jack tar, "you can come over on this side, we are quiet enough here."

A CRUST OF BREAD, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love—there is happiness for you, whether they day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests